

# THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

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## THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

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### WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

What might be done if men were wise—  
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,  
Would they unite  
In love and right,  
And cease their scorn of one another.  
Oppression's heart might be imbued  
With kindling drops of loving kindness,  
And knowledge pour  
From shore to shore  
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.  
All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,  
All vice and crime, might die together;  
And fruit and corn  
To each man born  
Be free as warmth in summer weather.  
The meanest wretch that ever trod,  
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,  
Might stand erect  
In self-respect,  
And share the teeming world to-morrow.  
What might be done? This might be done,  
And more than this, my suffering brother;  
More than the tongue  
E'er said or sung,  
If men were wise and loved each other.

### RICHELIE'S EXPERIMENT.

[The following story may be read and pondered over with advantage by big folks as well as little ones.]

Richie Benton's mother called him one pleasant morning, and said she wanted him to weed a certain part of the garden. His father was away from home for some weeks, and she had no one to do such things for her but Richie; as it was during the long summer vacation, it did not seem to her unreasonable to expect him to do a little work sometimes.

But Richie, though not daring to disobey, grieved her almost as much by his unwilling and unpleasant spirit.

'Must I, mother?' said he; 'I wanted to go right off in the woods with Ben and Joe and the rest. I wish I did not have to work in vacation. I think I ought to have it all, to do just as I please.'

His mother thought a moment.

'Richie,' said she, 'do you suppose you are the only one who feels that way?'

'Yes, ma'am. You can do just what you like, and father, and—'

'Stop a moment, dear. I, for one, don't do as I like, by a great deal.'

'Why, mother! Do you do what you don't want to, any more than I want to weed those beds?'

'Yes, almost every day. And, Richie, I do not believe that you, or I, or any one, would be really happier, if we only pleased ourselves.'

'Well, any way,' said the boy, 'I'd like to try it just for one week—just do nothing at all but what I really wanted to do—and see if it did not make me happier.'

'You may,' answered his mother, 'if you will allow me the same privilege.'

Richie's eyes opened wide.

'What, mother! Do you really mean it?'

'I do; but you must be willing I shall do the same.'

'O, that, indeed; yes! Good!' shouted Richie, tossing up his cap. 'Then I need not weed the beds?'

'No.'

'And I may go to the woods right now, may I? Good-bye.' And he was off in a moment, singing and whistling.

Mrs. Benton shut up her sewing machine and folded her work—a nice, new linen suit for her boy. She put it, just as it was, into her drawer, and throwing herself upon the sofa, began to read a new and interesting book. It was far pleasanter that warm morning to lie on the sofa and read than to exert herself to sew or get dinner, and she was, for the time, without help.

The hours wore on, and, rather late for dinner, Richie came home, tired and hungry.

'Isn't dinner ready yet?' he asked in a tone of surprise and impatience.

'O, I didn't feel like getting dinner,' his mother answered carelessly; 'it was very warm to go about the stove. You can get some bread and milk. I have had some. I only got a hot dinner on your account, and this week, you know, I am going to please myself.'

Richie did not like this very well, for he was not fond of bread and milk, and he did dearly like their usual dinner of meat and summer vegetables. But, as he had been so eager to close the bargain, he had not much to say.

For tea, Mrs. Benton was usually careful to have some delicacy that Richie liked. 'She indulged him enough to spoil him,' some overcareful mothers in the village said. 'This time she certainly did not. There was on the table only bread and butter, tea and milk.'

'Hav'n't you any strawberries, mother?' he said. 'I thought you bought some this morning.'

'O yes, there are plenty,' she answered. 'You will find them in the refrigerator, if you care enough for them to hulk them; I didn't. It's not very pleasant work, and it stains my hands.'

Richie looked at her. What had come over his mother, usually so utterly self-forgetful, minding such trifles now?

He was tired of rambling about all the day (on a milk diet, too,) and went to bed early. Presently his voice came down in an injured tone: 'Why, mother, my bed isn't made.'

'Why, no. I didn't feel like making it,' answered his mother; 'it was such a hot day, Richie, and you know I was to please myself. You can make it yourself, or sleep in it as it is.'

'Well, I never!' said Richie to himself. He spread on the clothes somehow, but the bed was not very comfortable.

The next day there was nothing on the breakfast table but coffee, milk and toast. Richie, again astonished, asked his mother if he couldn't have some meat.

'We haven't any,' she answered. 'I would have had a steak this morning, but I didn't want to broil it.'

Richie, in rather sullen silence, ate his toast, took a tumbler of milk, and went out. But in half an hour's time he rushed in wild with excitement, exclaiming:

'Mother! mother! What do you think? An invitation from the Markham's to go to the White Mountains with them next week. And they do want me, mother. See, here's a note from Mrs. Markham to you. I may go, mayn't I?'

Mrs. Benton read the note, and then answered quietly, 'I should be very glad to have you go, my boy, but for one thing—you have no suitable clothes.'

'Mother! Why, mother!' Richie's face was a picture. 'Why couldn't I wear my new linen suit?'

'You could, my dear; it would be just the thing if it were made.'

'But you've time enough to finish it, haven't you, mother?'

'Ah, Richie, you know I am to please myself this week. And you don't suppose I would sew in this weather to please myself?'

'But, mother, how can I go without any new clothes? And I do so want to go.'

'But, Richie, what am I to do with my garden full of weeds? And I do so want to have it in order.'

Richie laughed. 'I guess we'll throw up that bargain, mother. The world wouldn't be a very happy one if every one did only what he liked to. I'll go now and weed the garden.'

'Very well; you shall have your new suit in season to go to the mountains.'

In the Bible lesson that night, Mrs. Benton read, 'Even Christ pleased not himself,' and Richie remembered it.—*Children's Hour.*

### BLASPHEMING vs. PRAYING.

[The two following articles seem to be so well authenticated that we have no reason for a moment to doubt their truthfulness. The first one is from the Henderson, Ky., "Reporter."]

#### THE FRUITS OF CURSING.

A man named Louis Burke, who lived at Burksville, in this county, a few days ago indulged in very blasphemous language because his crops had been destroyed by high water. He cursed God for having his crops destroyed by heat and drought, and for destroying them this year by flood, and concluded his blasphemy of the Creator with the expression, "— him!" His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he died the next night, never uttering another word!

#### THE FRUITS OF PRAYER.

[On the other hand, a Washington correspondent of the "Inter-Ocean," narrates the following, accompanied with the remark, "I offer no theory, but simply give what I know to be the facts in this example of a grand faith."]

A Mrs. Lamb, the wife of Francis Lamb, a manufacturer of picture frames, residing at 1912 Fourteenth street, who for fourteen years has been bed-ridden and pronounced an incurable cripple, has been raised to health and strength, as she claims, by the hand of Divine Omnipotence in answer to prayer.

There can be no doubt that Mrs. Lamb's cure approaches the miraculous, for she had long given up hope of any improvement from human skill, and had dismissed her physician. The nature of her ailment was the utter uselessness of her lower limbs, and she has received treatment from physicians of every school of practice, without benefit. Sometime ago she claims to have reached an undefinable conviction that prayer, and prayer alone, would secure her relief; and she became a devout Christian, placing her trust and reliance entirely on Him who soothes as well as smites, and hourly invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon herself, that He, in his own good time, would send that relief which she believed could come only from Him.

She frequently had gatherings of her friends about her bedside, and the one burden of all their supplications was for her cure. She sent to the churches, and to the Young Men's Christian Association, requests for the aid of all Christians, that her impotency might be made a subject of special prayer. A few days afterwards she expressed to a lady friend her faith that the prayers had been effective, and would soon be answered. She claimed to feel new life in her limbs, and in a moment of inspiration rose from her bed and walked across the floor—the first steps she had taken for fourteen years. She is now rapidly improving, and has attended an evening prayer-meeting, where special thanks were given for her recovery, and since then has attended public service at one of the churches.

[Instead of its being a matter of wonder that prayer is so signally answered occasionally, should it not rather be a matter of wonder that it is not more frequently answered? And are not many failures owing to the want of more earnestness and zeal in professing Christians, ministers and people, who, instead of laboring for spiritual good, divide their energies between God and mammon, seeking after lucre and the follies and fashions of the world? Christ told his disciples what great things might be accomplished by faith and earnestness, even to the removal of a mountain, if needful; but it required great faith, fasting and prayer.—*Ed. Basket.*]

## USEFUL DEPARTMENT.

## FRESH-BLOWN FLOWERS IN WINTER.

Choose some of the most powerful buds of the flowers you would preserve—such as are latest in blowing and ready to open—cut them off, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem three inches long. Cover the stem immediately with sealing wax; and, when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in a piece of paper perfectly clean and dry, and put them in a dry box or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting. In winter or any other time, when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds at night and cut off the end of the stem sealed with wax, and put them into water in which a little nitre or salt has been diffused; and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display the most lovely colors, and breathe their agreeable odors.

*Manufr' and Builder.*

## VALUE OF A MILK DIET.

If any one wishes to grow fleshy, a pint of milk before retiring at night will soon cover the scrawniest bones. Although now-a-days we see a great many fleshy females, there are many lean and lank ones who sigh for the fashionable measure of plumpness, and who would be vastly improved in health and appearance could their figures be rounded with good solid flesh, producing a good figure.

In cases of fever and summer complaints, milk is given with excellent results. The idea that milk is feverish has exploded, and it is the physician's great reliance in bringing through typhoid patients, or those in too low a state to be nourished by food. It is a mistake to scrimp the milk pitcher. Take more milk and less meat. Look to your milkman; have one large-sized well-filled milk pitcher on the table at each meal, and you will also have sound flesh and light doctor's bills.—*Homestead.*

**KEEPING APPLES.**—My own experience has convinced me that the safest way to preserve winter apples, is to dry them thoroughly after picking by hand, and then to keep them where they will continue dry, and as cool as possible without freezing. They will dry best spread thin in an airy chamber; and they will do very well on shelves in a dry, well ventilated cellar. If they could be placed so as not to touch each other, they would keep best; but as that cannot be easily done, shelves and shallow bins are next best. Freed entirely from extraneous moisture, and sufficiently so as to be slightly wilted, they will keep well in open barrels and large boxes.—*Country Gent.*

**BOILED EGGS.**—It is commonly said that hard-boiled eggs are much less wholesome than those boiled soft, but the "Journal of Chemistry" has an important qualification for this statement. The trouble in digesting a hard-boiled egg pertains to the white, and not the yolk, the white being exceedingly tough when fully boiled. To do the cooking right, it advises as follows:

Put them into boiling water sufficient to cover them, and let them remain ten or fifteen minutes; keep the water nearly up to the boiling point, but do not let it reach that point. Fresh eggs will cook sooner than old ones. By this process the yolks are well cooked, while the white does not become tough and hard to digest.

**ULCERS.**—"I dried and pulverized some clay," says a writer in the Country Gentleman, "and recommended it as a valuable remedy to a neighbor woman who had for ten years had a very bad ulcer on her ankle. Some of our best physicians had failed to give relief. She applied the dried clay almost constantly for about six months, and a perfect cure has resulted. The first effect of the preparation was to remove inflammation and relieve pain, and now she says there is no scar remaining, and her limb, which was stiff and lame, is as elastic as when she was a girl. The woman is a very large, fleshy person, about forty years of age. I considered the test a very severe one, and the result very satisfactory. About a gallon of pulverized clay was used."

It is said that the intimate mixture of equal parts of Chloral Hydrate and Camphor will produce a clear fluid of great value as a local application in neuralgia.

## MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

## THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM,

London, is a wonderful institution. A writer in a recent number of Harper's Magazine says:

"The museum has been in existence about eighteen years. Its buildings and contents have cost the nation almost one million of pounds; but an auction held on the premises to-day could not bring less than ten millions. If the history of this museum of civilization would record strange instances of popular neglect for great works of art, it must at the same time show that works of genius, in whatever perishable material embodied, have a strange vitality. The sacred forms designed by Raphael—preserved by aid alike of king and regicide, by aid, too, of the neglect which left them hidden for a hundred years in lumber-rooms—have become the glorious inheritance of South Kensington.

"The seven cartoons—what would not now be paid for the three that are lost? (the 'Stoning of Stephen,' the 'Conversion of St. Paul,' and 'Paul in the Dungeon at Philippi')—were designed and drawn by the great artist and his scholars at the request of Pope Leo X. (1513) as copies for tapestry, and the tapestries made from them are now in the Vatican. They were made at Arras, and the cartoons—so called because drawn on card-board—were thrown into the warehouse there. Here they remained neglected until they were seen by Rubens, who advised Charles I. to purchase them for a tapestry establishment at Mortlake, near London. On the death of the king, Oliver Cromwell paid £300 for them, intending that the tapestry-works should be continued. On the fall of Cromwell they were confiscated, and, for a second time, were thrust away into a lumber-room, this time at Whitehall. Fortunately, the designs were on strips of paper twelve feet long, which could be rolled up, and so they were able to survive such usage. The next time they attracted notice was in the reign of William III., by whose order Sir Christopher Wren prepared a room for them in Hampton Court. They were then carefully lined with cloth. They were never removed again until placed in the gallery prepared for them here, where the only fault to be found in their arrangement is the ridiculous inscription beneath each, 'Lent by the Queen.' The Queen does not own an inch of any one of them. The last individual who owned them was Oliver Cromwell, who paid what was supposed a large sum (£300) for works which no amount could purchase from the Protector's true heir, the English nation.

Philadelphia is stated to have a population of nearly 800,000, and occupies an area of 120 square miles, with 900 miles of opened streets and roads, 500 of which are paved; below the surface are 134 miles of sewers, over 600 of gas mains, and 546 of water pipes. It has over 400 places of public worship, with accommodations for 300,000 persons; over 400 public schools, 1,600 teachers, and 80,000 pupils; 9,000 manufactories, having a capital of over \$185,000,000, employing 145,000 hands, with annual products of over \$34,000,000. In 1873, it exported over \$34,000,000, and imported over \$26,000,000. Its real estate assessed for taxation was \$518,000,000. Its Fairmount Park, one of the largest in the world, contains 2,991 acres.

In the population of the world, China stands first, with about 425,213,000; the British Empire second, with 199,817,000, and Russia third, with 82,172,000. The United States stands fifth, with 38,555,000 in 1870.

The mercantile navies of the world comprise 61,429 vessels, and a total tonnage of 18,514,000. Of these, Great Britain has 3061 steamers and 20,832 sailing vessels; the United States coming next, with 403 steamers and 6786 sailing vessels.

A strange accident befel a Des Moines (Iowa) farmer lately. He was taking his cow to pasture by a rope tied round her neck, when, by a sudden movement of the animal, he was thrown down, and, turning a summersault, his head was driven so violently into the earth as to break his neck.

English gardeners, it is said, gladly pay \$1 a-piece for toads. They find them the best and cheapest destroyers of the insects which infest their plants.

## GETTING A BARREL OF FLOUR UP STAIRS.

It is a matter of conscience with us never to laugh or make fun of another fellow's misery, owing to the uncertainty of affairs generally. You can never tell whose 'turn may come next.'

A man put his head in our window with a patch over his eye, his nose skinned, his fingers tied up, and a general aspect of having called somebody a liar. We looked at him and inquired if he had the names of the other killed and wounded.

"Now, look here, you; I don't want none of your makin' fun of me, now mind that," and he looked vicious; but continued:

"It was a barrel of flour did it. You see it was sent home yesterday, and when I got home last evening, the first thing the old woman said was: 'I want that barrel up garret.'

"All right," says I, and I just grabbed the old thing and rolled it to the foot of the stairs and up-ended it onto the second step, but when I went to over-end it again, it flew back and barked my shins about four inches, so that I dropped it quicker than you ever see. Then I rolled it up till I got it to the fifth step, right on the turn, and the blamed thing wouldn't go any further; so I up-ended it again, but it flew back, hit me in the stomach and jammed me up in the corner so tight that I couldn't move till the old woman helped me out, and together we worked the wretched nuisance up until we got nearly to the top of the stairs, when nothing would do her but she must climb over it to get a chance to pull. She was just about on the top of it, the last I saw of her. Then there was a screech and a howl, and a mixture of two humans and a flour barrel all the way down stairs and out into the kitchen, where it pitched the old woman over the stove, and smashed the supper table into kindling-wood, and then busted itself against the chimney. Now we aint got no dishes, and the stove don't sit easy on three legs, and the old woman's got the longest mad on I ever see; so I'm afraid to go home, and I don't feel very well myself."—*Free Press.*

A young fellow in a western town was fined ten dollars for kissing a girl against her will, and the following day the damsel sent him the amount of the fine, with a note saying that the next time he kissed her he must be less rough about it, and be careful to do it when her father is not about.

"It is beautiful to behold at a wedding," says a cheerful old bachelor, "the sorrow-stricken air of the parent as he 'gives the bride away,' when you know for the past ten years he has been trying his best to get her off his hands."

**A PROFANE PARROT.**—The story goes that a Parrot which had been learned to talk, had also learned the naughty habit of swearing. Indeed, he had become so profane as to annoy the family, and they tried various ways of curing him of the habit without success. It then occurred to them to try the water process. So, thereafter, when he swore he was immersed, and then put behind the stove to dry. On one occasion, when thus drying, some young chickens, which had been exposed to cold and wet, were also brought in and put behind the stove to dry. Parrot's curiosity was excited, and, after eyeing them attentively for sometime, he reached over towards them, and said softly but emphatically, "D—d little fools; been swearin'!"

It is said the reason why there are so many "nut-ton-heads" in existence, is, because there is so large a number of children who are "perfect little lambs."

James says the ladies don't seem to give a thought to us fellows who keep away from saloons.

## HOUSE FOR SALE, IN HADDONFIELD.

A commodious three story House, with three story back buildings, eleven rooms, in good order, on the Main street, and within three minutes' walk of the railroad Depot; pump with excellent water under cover; front and side yard and large garden, with plenty of shade and fruit trees, and small fruits.

For further information, apply to the publisher of this paper.

## THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

*Haddonfield, October 16, 1875.*

In speaking of the change of officers at the railroad depot in Haddonfield in our last number, a wrong name was inadvertently given to the new incumbent. It should have been Charles McNinney, instead of Charles Tule.

## HADDONFIELD IMPROVEMENTS.

In passing round through the town we observe that building and other improvements are all the time in progress—among which we may notice—

A double house, or a house arranged for two families, put up by S. A. Willis, near the railroad, on the west side of Main street—nearly finished.

Mr. Nathan Lippincott's large and showy house, at the corner of Main street and the railroad, is progressing slowly, but surely.

A handsome fence has been put up from the corner of David Middleton's house, along the railroad, to the lands of Mr. Massey, and when a good walk is made along this fence, as we understand is the intention, from Main st. to Washington avenue, it will be a great convenience to those living in that part of the town.

Dr. Stevenson's house is completed, and he now occupies it, with his family. It is situated a little to the east of the railroad depot.

A short distance from this is the new house of Mr. Wooten, of Atlantic City. It is on Haddon avenue—is nearly finished, and will be ready for him to occupy the coming winter.

One of the neatest little cottages in Haddonfield, is that belonging to Mr. Hart, on Chestnut street. It has enough of ornament to give it a tasty appearance, and yet without being tawdry. Mr. C. Baker did the carpenter work. We understand it is for rent or sale.

Mr. Daniel Wright is building for himself a new place of business, on Main street, opposite his old stand, and nearly opposite Tanner street. It will be quite tasty, and allow of sufficient room to accommodate his increasing business, and where he intends to have on hand a good assortment of tin-ware, stoves, &c.

Our side-walk improvements, including the flag-stone crossings, and street lamps, are a success, and highly appreciated by a "discerning public."

A pavement has been put down in front of the Baptist Church, the fence painted, and the sheds repaired and new roofed.

A movement is being made with a view of putting up a new fence in front of the grave-yard belonging to the Methodist denomination, and to make such other improvements as seem to be needed. Wouldn't it be a nice arrangement if the whole hill down to the mill road could be taken in, with a wall round the lower end, and then gradually sloped off to the wall?

We had the privilege lately of inspecting one of the elegant houses put up by Mr. Massey, and were much pleased with it. It appears to be well built, with the best materials, and furnished throughout with gas and water pipes. The rooms are well supplied with windows, and are light and airy. It has about half an acre of ground; is situated on Washington avenue, near the railroad depot, and is altogether a very pleasant, convenient, and desirable property. It is for sale.

A barn belonging to Miss Rhoda Hampton, of Haddonfield, on the road from Merchantville to the Marlton turnpike, was recently destroyed by fire. It was insured. The contents, including four horses, also burnt, belonged to Josiah S. Rudderow, who occupied the premises. Not known how the fire originated.

Mr. S. P. Hunt, one of our street commissioners, is building a cottage at Atlantic City. He was the builder of the Haddon House, at that place.

The Camden and Atlantic R. R. Co. declared a dividend of 3½ per cent. on the common and preferred stock, payable on and after the 1st of this month.

A. K. Hay, Esq., the president of this road, whose health has not been good for some time past, is, as we learn, slowly improving.

The City Councils of Camden have passed a resolution prohibiting the blowing of whistles of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Co. between Market street and Cooper's Point.

There are a number of properties in Haddonfield at present for sale and to rent, which we think it would be to the advantage of the owners to advertise in this paper. It would impart desirable information to the inhabitants of the town, and to outsiders an appearance of business, enterprise and thrift, and would thus attract strangers to the place.

The "Basket" circulates all through Haddonfield, but its circulation is greater outside of Haddonfield than it is in it.

RECEPTION.—Rev. Mr. Newberry and lady gave a reception on Thursday evening last, at their new house adjoining the Church, and as the company was numerous, the Church building, which is yet in an unfinished state, was thrown open, and a table spread, amply provided with good things to strengthen the inner man, and a sprinkling of beautiful flowers to cheer the eye. It made a very pretty appearance under the light of the chandelier. About 80 persons partook of the supper. The house is a very pleasant one, nicely arranged, and neatly furnished. The company had a nice, social time, and the whole affair passed off very pleasantly.

We had the pleasure of meeting our old friend B. J. Willis in our town a day or two ago, and were glad to see his pleasant countenance and grasp his friendly hand.

Two weddings and one grand reception in Haddonfield, within two days, is something to speak of. And we may add, an oyster supper within the same time, at Berlin, that pleasant suburb of Haddonfield.

The Anniversary of the Baptist Sabbath Schools will take place on the 7th of next month, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Singing, speaking, etc.

ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn that a little son of Rev. Mr. Crate, while playing with some other children a few days ago, fell and broke his arm. He was attended to by Dr. Jennings, and is doing well.

The time is coming again for lectures, concerts, etc., and we are still unprovided with a suitable hall for such purposes. Couldn't a company be organized to put up a suitable hall on the "stock" principle?

A heavy frost occurred in this vicinity on Wednesday night, cutting down vegetation, flowers, etc.; thin ice also made its appearance, being the first of the season heretofore.

JOSEPH S. GARRETT, our fellow-townsmen, has been nominated for County Clerk, and as he stands high in the estimation of the people of Haddonfield, he will get most of their votes. It is a fine opportunity for all who prefer uprightness and honesty to party, to give their votes in the right direction. We wish him success.

Rev. Mr. Newberry, of the Presbyterian Church, has moved into the new parsonage adjoining the church, and as it is nearly opposite our domicile, we hope to maintain neighborly and friendly relations.

An election takes place on the 2d of November, for State Senator and County officers. The following are the nominations for Camden county:

*Republican.*—For Senator, William J. Sewell; Sheriff, Jacob C. Daubman; Clerk, Joel K. Kirkbride; Register of Deeds, George W. Gilbert; Coroners, Pancoast Roberts, William Thompson, Duncan W. Blake.

*Democratic.*—For Senator, Samuel P. Lippincott; for Sheriff, Thomas A. Wilson; Clerk, Joseph S. Garrett; Register of Deeds, John Gamut; Coroners, Joseph Collings, Richard Woodrow, Albert Fish.

Westervelt, concerned in the abduction and concealment of Charlie Ross, has been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, one dollar fine, and to pay the costs of prosecution. Light enough.

Our theory about the lost boy is that he was hidden in some cave or den, and his wants in some way attended to, till the tragical death of his abductors, when he was left to perish. This view is confirmed by the fact that in one of the letters addressed to Mr. Ross, it is intimated that the receipt of the money promised, only, would remove the rock that concealed the child. Westervelt, also, in his examination, made use of the words "cave or hut," but in such an equivocal way as to be of no practical use. We believe Charlie Ross has gone "home."

PAPER MONEY EXPANSION.—We are among those who believe in a hard money basis, and that business will never be in a healthy condition till we come to it. Large issues of depreciated paper money, it is true, favor wild and unwise speculations, and schemes for great undertakings, which produce a spasmodic appearance of prosperity, but which, sooner or later, end in a crash, and the downfall of the schemers and their victims. We think it a disgrace to the great United States that they should keep money in circulation that is at a discount of 16 or 17 per cent., gold being at that rate of premium. But it is a rich thing for the government, if, as has been estimated, about \$11,000,000 of the fractional currency has been lost and destroyed in the hands of the people, and will never be returned for redemption—a heavy tax.

If the paper money now in circulation is at a discount of 16 to 17 per cent., what are the probabilities if a large addition should be made to it? And suppose large additions should be made to it now, how long would it be before the cry would go forth for more? And so, *ad infinitum*, until they might not be worth more than a "Continental." History, it is said, repeats itself. It is asserted that there is plenty of money in the hands of capitalists and the moneyed institutions of the country, but those that want it have nothing to give for it. That's what's the matter. And the only way we can see to oblige them is simply for the government to print and give it to them.

Of course paper is much more convenient to carry and to handle than specie, and we don't want to fill our pockets with metal instead of paper; but then we want to know that the piece of paper we carry called a dollar really represents a dollar in specie, and that it can be exchanged for a gold dollar when wanted; and we firmly believe business will never be sound or prosperous till this takes place.

John Q. Adams called it—"Lust for paper money."  
Washington said—"Depreciation keeps pace with the quantity of the emission."  
Webster—"The robbery of depreciated paper."  
Richard Lee—"Nefarious plan of speculation."

The Republicans have carried the States of Ohio, Iowa and Nebraska, at the late elections, by considerable majorities. One good result of this, is, that the people show unmistakably that they are not in favor of paper money inflation; but are looking steadily forward the time for specie payments, and a restoration of confidence in business circles.

Young gentlemen (school boys) who ride upon the cars, and who perhaps think it smart to talk loud and act rudely, and thus annoy their fellow-passengers, should be careful not to expose their ignorance in the use of words. We lately heard two of these noisy ones speaking of their studies in philosophy, when one of them stated that one of the questions asked him was, "What is accelerated motion?" After bantering each other as to its import, one of them said it meant "Uniform motion!" If this is in accordance with philosophy, it is not with the generally received meaning of that word. Would it not be well if a portion of the time devoted to philosophy or other ornamental branches of what is called education, were given to the study of the dictionary?

We are thus reminded of a young lady who had been highly educated in a fashionable institution, presided over by a clergyman. She had finished her education, and was about to graduate the next day. A gentleman asked her if the Doctor (meaning the clergyman) prayed extemporaneously in the school? "What?" said she. "Does the Doctor, when opening the school, pray extemporaneously?" "No—not so very!" was her reply.

## MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening, 13th inst., by Rev. Mr. Newberry, William C. Nicholson to Anna E. Clement, all of Haddonfield.

On Thursday, 13th inst., in Friends' Meeting-house, Samuel B. Redman to Florence H. Elfreth, both of Haddonfield.

## DIED.

On the 12th inst., John Jeffries, in the 77th year of his age. He was for many years keeper of the gate at Rowandtown, on the Haddonfield and Camden turnpike.

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